

*The Stolen Child*

Where dips the rocky highland  
 Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,  
 There lies a leafy island  
 Where flapping herons wake  
 The drowsy water-rats;  
 There we've hid our faery vats,  
 Full of berries  
 And of reddest stolen cherries.  
*Come away, O human child!*  
*To the waters and the wild*  
*With a faery, hand in hand,*  
*For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

Where the wave of moonlight glosses  
 The dim grey sands with light,  
 Far off by furthest Rosses  
 We foot it all the night,  
 Weaving olden dances,  
 Mingling hands and mingling glances  
 Till the moon has taken flight;  
 To and fro we leap  
 And chase the frothy bubbles,  
 While the world is full of troubles  
 And is anxious in its sleep.  
*Come away, O human child!*  
*To the waters and the wild*  
*With a faery, hand in hand,*  
*For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

Where the wandering water gushes  
 From the hills above Glen-Car,  
 In pools among the rushes  
 That scarce could bathe a star,  
 We seek for slumbering trout  
 And whispering in their ears  
 Give them unquiet dreams;  
 Leaning softly out  
 From ferns that drop their tears  
 Over the young streams.

*Come away, O human child!*  
*To the waters and the wild*  
*With a faery, hand in hand,*  
*For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

Away with us he's going,  
 The solemn-eyed:  
 He'll hear no more the lowing  
 Of the calves on the warm hillside  
 Or the kettle on the hob  
 Sing peace into his breast,  
 Or see the brown mice bob  
 Round and round the oatmeal-chest.  
*For he comes, the human child,*  
*To the waters and the wild*  
*With a faery, hand in hand,*  
*From a world more full of weeping than he can understand.*

## Tutorial 1

## Required Reading